

46 M Street, Northwest,
Washington, D.C., September 25, 1897.

Dear Aunt Harriet:

I have just returned from New Hampshire and Boston and but recently learned that Levi was unable to call on you. I am very sorry that he didn't let me know of his difficulty and I would have written you to go and see him. It seems that two men were gone from his office during the summer and he had a large amount of extra work to do, so much that it was impossible for him to get out to Hingham. I thought when I went that we would ride out and call at Mr. Gardner's and make his apologies, but when I arrived in Boston, I found him confined to the house with acute rheumatism in his toes, so I was obliged to find my way about by myself. I staid only from Saturday noon till Wednesday morning. Auntie has a birthday Wednesday (next week) and she

expects quite a jubilee. Each one is expected to compose some poetry, sing a song or speak a piece. I am very busy indeed writing up the genealogy of the Aldens. I suppose you are in Grand Rapids, but if you are not, Aunt Jane will forward the letter to you. Give my love to Hattie and Aunt Rillie, Maggie and Aunt Jane and to Esther and Stephen when you write to them. I had a delightful visit in Brooklyn and in Claremont, visiting the cemeteries and meeting the shades of my deceased ancestors. In one old cemetery I found the graves of my grand parents, my great grandfather and my great great grand parents. I have been out this afternoon with a friend from Wisconsin who is spending a few days here and I am tired to death.

With much love, your niece,
this is rather stale
Hattie L. Alden.